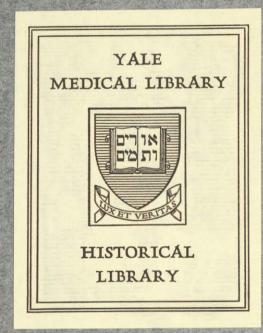
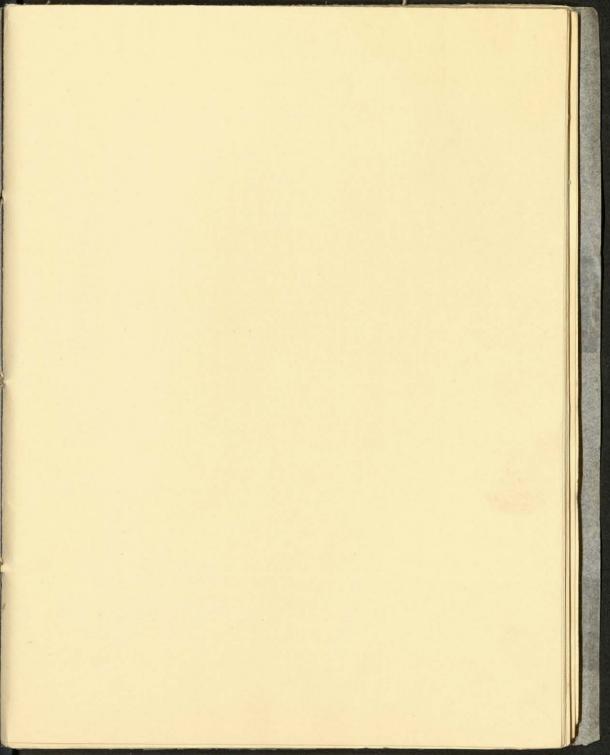
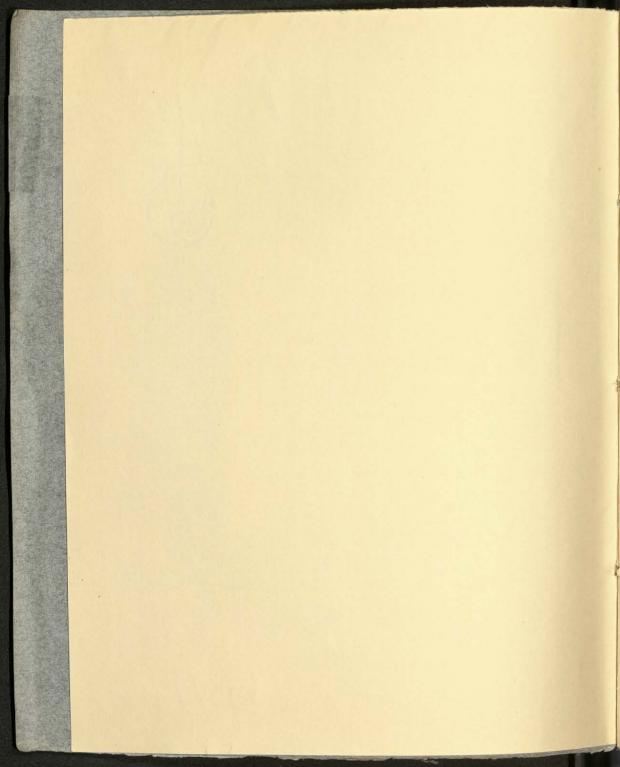


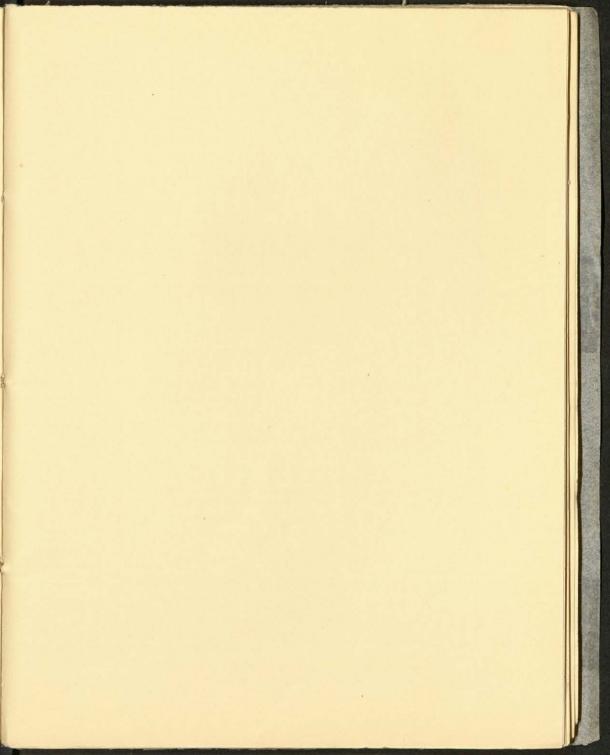
WHAT JOME OF THE MULDON GRADUATES HAVE TO SAY AROUT THEIR EXPERIENCE WHILE TAKING TREATMENT AT THE HYGIENIC INSTITUTION

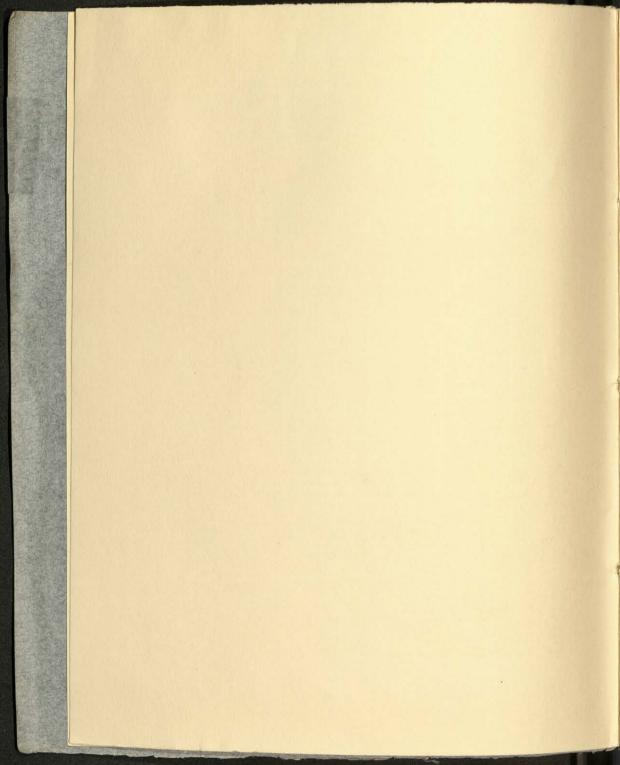


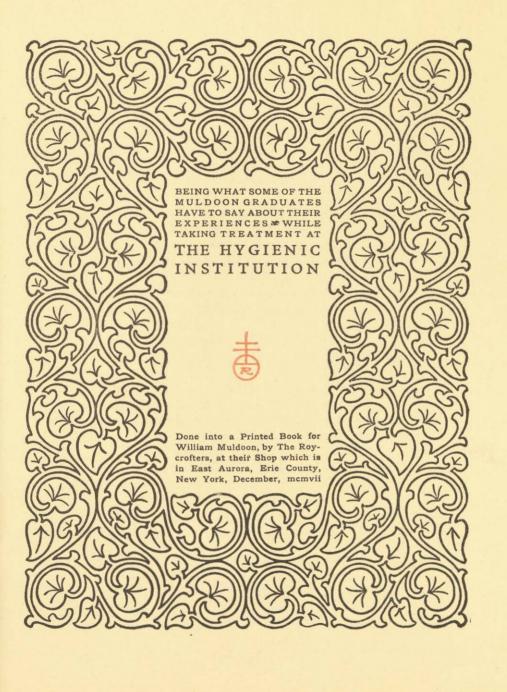












JAN 1962

Hist RA 776, 5 1907 (locked) 42 - Lewis annobacke

IN RE MULDOON

ROFESSOR WILLIAM MULDOON—Muldoon the Solid Man! Muldoon the champion wrestler of the world! I have taken a few falls out of him in days agone—in a literary way—and what I will now say, I will say.

Muldoon has been pronounced by competent judges a perfect physical specimen of manhood. Not one man in a million can compare with him; and age, intelligence and physique considered, he probably is without a rival on earth.

He is exactly five feet ten, and weighs stripped, one hundred and eighty. He gives you a glimpse of Greece in the time of Pericles.

He has more dignity, more repose, more poise, than any man has expressed since Phidias modeled and Praxiteles carved & &

He talks but little; he listens until the other man has talked himself out—his is a waiting game.

Knowing something of the traditions of the squared circle, you expect he will speak in a husky guttural, and say. "I trun him down—see!"

But this man surprises you with a light, musical, exquisitely modulated voice that comes from resonant air chambers, and a throat without a flaw.

It is a voice whose whispered word can fill a room; a voice that can ring out a cavalry command that can be heard for half a mile.

If needs be, it is a voice that could talk all day and never grow weak nor hoarse.

Muldoon has no suggestion of a foreign accent, and I will admit that a man by the name of Muldoon who has no brogue is a bit disappointing.

Every action of the man implies reserve; everything he does is well within his limit.

When he sits he does not cross his legs, play the devil's tattoo with his hands, twirl his mustache, stroke his hair, scratch his nose, adjust his necktie, nor examine his finger nails. He completes his toilet in his room. QSuch control of nerves, such perfect self-possession, such absolute grace—clothed or stripped—gives hope that the spirit of Athens may yet to us return.

"I think," said Professor Muldoon to me, "I think my success—such as it is—as a trainer, has hinged on the fact that I have never worked for great muscular strength, simply for balance, or what you call mastery or control. Few men possess their bodies, rather the body bullies the mind all day long."

Please note the remark, and tell me if the colleges haven't something to learn from Muldoon? In fact, why doesn't Harvard hire him?

And the answer is, the services of Muldoon are not for sale, save as you go to him and become a part of his system &



ULDOON is rich, and he works now simply because he is wise and knows that no man can afford to be idle-that retiring on your laurels is death—unless you are working for new

laurels. So Muldoon works at the task he likes, and in

the way that pleases him.

When a youth he began to train as a wrestler; he evolved an Idea, and this Idea is that the mind of a man should rule his body, that the body should obey the mind & &

And after nearly fifty years of work in physical training, there is only one word which for him looms large, and that is the word OBEY.

Muldoon made his body obey, and he became perfectly ambi-dextrous. Wrestling requires more science than boxing, and so he specialized on the mat instead of the gloves 点点

Then he took to training prize-fighters.

Members of the Society for Ethical Culture will recall that Muldoon trained Sullivan for his match with Kilrain, and acted as Sullivan's second at the ringside. John gave the sedative to every man he met as long as he was trained by Muldoon.

For a time the Solid Man succeeded in making John L. obey, but finally John L. decided that in all the bright lexicon of words there is no such word as obedience. Then it was that John fell an easy prey to Corbett, who weighed thirty pounds less, but had his body under control, so that it was the ready and willing servant of his mind.

A little later, Muldoon traveled with Maurice Barrymore and played the part of Charles the Wrestler in "As You Like It," always giving a genuine exhibition for the ladies before Charles graciously allowed Orlando to win.

Next, he posed in living pictures, and gave lectures on health in various colleges. Ten years ago he established his present "Olympia," five miles back in the hills from White Plains, New York.

Prize-fighters, wrestlers and athletes are no longer the object of Muldoon's solicitude; his raw stock are business men, artists, lawyers, preachers and doctors who have gone the pace.

Muldoon has a system, a system never tried by any one else, and that never will be tried by anyone else, because no other living man dare attempt it, knowing perfectly well it would fail.

And if you know a thing is going to fail, it does.

Muldoon's system is not founded on love, kindness and good cheer. These are all secondary, and while they do exist in his mind they are kept carefully out of sight. The plan will die with him.

HE key note of the whole thing is obedience. It is necessary to subjugate the will of the patient. Paradoxically you have to kill a man's will in order to build it up.

The whip method of breaking horses is along the same line. The trainer goes into the box stall with a whip and terrorizes the animal until he absolutely submits

and yet the horse is never struck. CMuldoon is cruel only as nature is cruel—you obey Nature, co-operate with her and you find that she is kind & Obedience to Nature brings you every thing you need, mental, spiritual, physical. Obey Muldoon and cease butting-in with your stub end of a will and you succeed. The only way you can get the start of Muldoon is to obey him. CTo obey requires will-power.

The average man's body has never learned to obey. It is slothful, lazy, slipshod, domineering, indifferent, dis-

respectful to his mind.

A man may have a creative intellect, and yet his body be a very wretch of a body, that gorges itself with bad food, swills strange drinks, refuses to go to bed at night, and declines to get up in the morning, wooing persistently the means of debility and disease.

A great poet may be swag-bellied, blear-eyed and have title to a slouching, willful, erratic, untrained digestive tract. The man has never forced his body to acquire good habits through the law of obedience, and after years of bodily back-talk things reach a point where this hoodlum of a physical cosmos is going down and dragging the mind with it.

As long as the man can do business he submits to being bullied by his body. All sorts of vicious habits grow up unrebuked. The body demands cigars, cigarettes, stimulants, strange dishes, novel sights, smells, sounds and sensations, and the mind of the man is powerless, being dragged hither and yon by this willful, restless beast, which often grows more gross and inefficient and

full of twitchings, twists and pain as the mind evolves, develops and refines.

Thought goes on, and the man may do big work, but some day the hand that reaches for the salt picks up the pepper, and the tongue that would say "pepper" says "salt." & &

The nerve-specialist is here called in, scowls, coughs, takes on an owl-like look, and explains that it is incipient locomotor ataxia, with aphasia as a side line, all caused through poisoning of the system by uric acid—say, call it Bright's Disease and Nerv. Pros.

If the patient knows enough, as he probably does not, he goes to Muldoon and is born again.

But probably he takes to dope and drugs and dies inside of two years. Or he may haunt Hot Springs and the sanitariums, and by baths and massage stand the reaper off for five years.

Tuberculosis is a disease of the will. If a stronger will can be found that will take charge of the other man's body at the critical time, and force right breathing, eating and exercise on the patient, he will get well. Left to himself he succumbs to inertia or a lazy habit of body, the air cells of the lungs collapse and the man dies. QMuldoon says that all diseases are the result of lack of will. He simply takes charge of the man's body. His one request is that the man abdicate his own will and obey. So difficult is obedience to the average so-called successful man that one out of three of the patients who go to Muldoon leave him inside of two days, forfeiting their first weekly payment of sixty dollars.

If Muldoon has an opportunity of seeing the discouraged and disgruntled man before he goes he presents him the card of a local undertaker at White Plains, wishes him good luck in purgatory and sends personal regards to Mephisto & &

Those who stick it out for three days under Muldoon's treatment, remain from three to six weeks, and get well. There may be exceptions, but this is the general rule.



ULDOON is a great believer in the psychology of duds. When we eat we should dress like gentlemen, just as if we were to meet expected guests & The act of dressing and undressing

tends to stop brooding, and masticating the mental limit. The late Dr. Maurice Bucke once told me that he had blocked a fit of hysteria in a woman, by asking her to go and change her dress, and do up her hair, because he wanted her to meet a certain man from New York who was coming to tea.

Muldoon says the gym dress is only valuable as you discard it for clean, dainty linen, and appear before the world a new man. You get dirty in order that you may get clean, but to get dirty and stay so is no virtue. But people who are always clean are not much better than the other kind.

And note you this, Muldoon trains with his trainers. All that he asks them to do, he does. He, himself, is an immaculate dresser, without being extravagant. But he believes in a clean collar, cuffs, a fresh handkerchief and dental floss.

Breakfast comes after the gentle work, the bath, and the getting ready, as a gift of the gods. It is a simple meal of fruit, toast, poached eggs, and just one cup of coffee. I noticed that every man polished his plate, but no one asked for more.

Muldoon sits at the server's table in the middle of the room, and each plate is filled under his immediate watchful eye. Without being fussy, he yet knows exactly what every man is doing—all of the time.

The eating is done with great deliberation. After breakfast, there is a rest for just an hour, and then the word is passed, "Boots and saddles!"

You get into your riding clothes, and go to the barn a quarter of a mile away. If you are a horseman your animal is simply pointed out, but if the work is new, you are shown how.

Horseback riding is always a scientific treatment for the neurotic. He forgets himself in holding on—and most of Muldoon's horses, I saw, were selected with the idea of preventing introspection in the rider. It is a slow ride of two hours and a half. Occasionally, at the hills, you dismount and lead your horse.

When you get home it is strip again and a bath; then citizens' clothes and dinner.

After dinner there is a lolling time of an hour; then "the stroll," a long slow walk, over the meadow, through the woods, across the creek.

Supper comes with the novitiate hungry as a bear, and tired. Exhaustion is something else.

Then it is that the deserters desert. They bribe a stable

man to take them back to town—in a wheelbarrow—any way. The work is killing—Muldoon is a tyrant! QBut if they remain two days, they stay two more and then nature begins to play through them. Tired, lame, sore, stupid—yes, but it is a delicious stupidity, not one of fear and cold feet. It is just a don't-give-a-dam-feeling.

A certain amount of physical exercise excites mentality; follow up your out-door work, and mind hibernates. Exercise is an investment—you expend the energy only that you may get back more energy & You spend a hundred dollars to get back one hundred and fifty.

All this physical work is to get your body where it can rest and absorb.

The body is a storage battery—in order to replenish its cells with potential energy, you have to get it in a state of rest. This condition of perfect rest, comes best after slow, moderate exercise in the open air.

Muldoon simply carries his men over the hill to a point where they are so tired they can rest and absorb. He knows exactly what he is doing—he nearly kills them, but strangely enough, none die on the premises. Those only die who lack the will to allow him to use his will to amend theirs, and these of course are the deserters. QIt is so much easier to swallow something out of a bottle, and hire a man to give you massage.

But everything costs—if you would have health cultivate your will and expend energy.

We know enough, and if we only had the will to methodize our lives, we could all live a hundred years, unless run over by a benzine buggy. As it is, for lack of will and lack of a Muldoon, we die just when we should be getting ready to live. Great is Muldoon, trainer of men!

—ELBERT HUBBARD

WANTED FOR THE WANTED

TRAINER OF ATHLETES

The Editor of the Providence "Journal" writes his experience of six weeks at Muldoon's.

OST people have heard, and heard most favorably, of William Muldoon, trainer of athletes, and sometime champion wrestler of the world. He won fame during those days, ten years or more ago, when as champion he met and overcame all comers;

when he journeyed up and down the land, grimly seeking, never finding, some giant who could match his strength and skill and courage with enough of one or of all to wrest that title from him. Substantial, sterling fame it was; people learned that the strength he could put forth so irresistibly was the servant of an unswerving will, and that both were ruled by a character of which the keynote was integrity.

The Muldoon of these days was an impressive figure. Stories of his prowess, of his feats of strength and skill, will always make interesting reading. There is as yet no need, however, to revive the recollections of those who saw him during what may be termed his public career. Since that career closed with his retirement from

the wrestling ring, he has devoted himself to teaching other men how health, such as he is blessed with, may be won and preserved, and it is with his work in this great field which he has chosen, with his purposes, his methods, and, in part, the achievements that have crowned them, that this article has to do.

Surely that aim of his is a noble aim: to place within the grasp of all whom he can reach that priceless jewel, health, without which gold is dross, and fair fame and

good repute but mockery.

The active life of the professional athlete which Muldoon followed for so long a period could not have been better adapted to equip him perfectly for the fulfillment of this purpose of his later years. Since he first began that life at the age of fourteen (he is now fifty=two), he has been forced to study the laws of health. Applying them, first to himself and later to others, keenly, thoughtfully noting the results for good or ill of every habit, every taste of the human animal, he has made a codification, as it were, of the laws of hygiene. Obeying them faithfully, he has in himself attained the physical ideal of health-looking at him you laugh at the foolish notion that men are old at fifty. Forcing others to obey them, he is every day transforming weaklings into robust, useful men, who seem, by contrast with their former selves, to have surely quaffed the waters of the fabled fountain of youth. Convinced by the long, hardworn experience of thirty busy years, Muldoon declares that good and not ill health is the birthright and natural condition of the great majority; and every day he gives

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new proof that he is right. Yet how few of us are as well equipped with health and strength as Nature intended us to be, or even as we think we are. One man who is the fortunate possessor in full measure of both can call to mind ten whose ambition is thwarted, whose usefulness is impaired, whose very life is daily, hourly threatened by some one of those many mysterious ailments that nothing seems to cure. Breathing impure air, eating unwholesome food, avoiding exercise, energy lost in work is not recovered, resistance to the constant strain of modern life becomes more and more difficult, until at last one disease or another finds lodgment in their systems and sooner or later carries them off, long before their time. They fall sick and die, not because they must, but because they know no better.

It is to these that Muldoon offers the benefit of his wide knowledge and experience; to the thousands of men in all pursuits of life who are following the pace that kills; to those who find that health is gone, or going, and want it back.

Muldoon does not seek to belittle the good that doctors do. He recognizes the sound reasoning, experience and logic that the conscientious physician brings to bear. But he knows, as we all know, that the patient seldom does as he is told; remaining close to the center of his interests, still beset by the cares and distractions that have sapped his vitality from the first, it is practically impossible for him to avoid continuing the response to the very demands that have brought him where he is. Muldoon's system of training recognizes that the remedy

must strike deeper than that. It establishes three conditions: In the first place, mind and body must, for the time, have absolute relief from the strain; then the unhealthy tissue must be gotten rid of—the system must be freed from the poisonous secretions it has accumulated; finally, what has been worked off must be replaced by new material in the form of healthy tissue & It is on this simple principle that Muldoon accomplishes his results, succeeding where so many others fail.

He has found an ideal environment for his requirements in Purchase, Westchester County in New York State. The rolling country thereabouts is picturesque and pleasing in the extreme. All about lie noted points of interest, along the banks of the Hudson, on the shores of Long Island Sound and among the pleasant hills and valleys that lie between. There you meet anywhere from ten to twenty other candidates for health, in whom you at once note the contrast between the new comers. in all conditions of physical dilapidation, and those who are about to finish the course of training. They come there from every walk in life and at all ages; actors, statesmen, soldiers, clergymen, men of every profession; some youths not yet across the threshold of manhood, others, old men already past the allotted term of three score years and ten. You plunge at once into a life of exhilarating exercise, in which you repair the vigorously expended energy with the purest of air, with all you can eat of wholesome food, deliciously prepared by a past mistress of the art of cooking, and with nine hours of deep grateful sleep. It is a life in which your body is taken in bondage by another mind; your own brain is treated as a part of your body and is forced to restrict its activity to the direction of your eve and hand in the strictly physical labor that you perform. As a friend and well-wisher. Muldoon studies your condition, and, carefully gauging your strength, sets you physical tasks that engross you to the exclusion of all the cares of business, all the worries of whatever nature that overbore your mind before. The healthy exhaustion following upon the walks, and rides, and such other exercises as make up the day's tasks, compels a grateful appreciation of the hours of rest and they in turn stimulate you afresh for the next day's labors. The life is free and easy: you form a little community by yourselves, self-sufficing in all things, and however hard it seems at first, you soon become content.

It is impressive to see the results that follow very quickly on this simple regimen—to note how the infirmities that have called forth so many misnamed remedies, that have baffled so many doctors, competent and incompetent alike, are thrown off by the simple expedient of giving nature her head—of working in harmony with her, instead of straining to work miracles in spite of her. The fat man grows thinner, the thin man fatter, as each approaches his normal condition, the goal for which Muldoon is always aiming. The muscles, taking firmer hold of the bones, straighten the frame and give to the body that suppleness, that grace of outline and of movement, that go with strength. Most grateful of



all, the mind claims and enjoys its share of healthy stimulation, and you take your departure at the end of your term, not only able, but willing "to take up again the affairs of daily life renewed, invigorated and cheered." But will not the labors that proved too heavy before, when resumed, produce sooner or later the same results? Not necessarily, for part of Muldoon's system is to teach how the opportunities that occur in the life of almost every man may be improved so that, once he is well, he can keep well. One is taught simple common sense rules of eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise, by following which he may accomplish all his tasks without risk to his health. There are, of course, things that one must not do, as well as those that he must; for it is by becoming slaves to our tastes that most of us lose health. But the hygienic Index Expurgatorius does not contain everything that makes life brighter or easier. The code enforces, not abstinence, but temperance; use, but not abuse, of the "good things" of life. And you become convinced that this is the true secret of enjoyment, the true epicurean philosophy. The smoker, for example, will learn, if he does not already know, that each one of the three cigars a day that Muldoon allows him not only tastes better than cigars ad libitum ever tasted before, but that they satisfy, which cigars ad libitum did not do.

To all this that Muldoon offers there is one condition from which he allows no appeal. Those who apply to him for assistance must have for their sole aim restoration to health. Strive as he may, Muldoon cannot accomplish these results unaided by the man he is working for, much less when his hands are tied by indifference or opposition. Therefore, he demands the hearty co-operation of every-

one who places himself in his hands.

With what materials Muldoon works to accomplish his results has been told at some length. How he uses them is, however, what impresses and interests most. It is his vigorous, masterful personality that vitalizes his system of training with the spark that is indispensable to its success. A man of unusual strength of character and fixity of purpose, he obtains complete mastery over you at the start, and stimulates you by the force of his own example to throw all your energy into the work he cuts out for you. Riding, walking, throwing balls, punching bags, whatever the exercise may be, he excels at practice of them all; he not only tells you what to do, he shows you how it should be done, and stands over you until you do it. No one realizes more fully than he that men will not do their best when left to themselves, that they must be stimulated, urged on by another; it is the pacemaker that wrings the best out of the racer; his competitor who drives the athlete to put forth the supreme effort that wins. Muldoon's system is not one of "kill or cure." No man is pushed beyond his strength. But every one is forced to the limit of his endurance, forced to do his best at every task, on the principle that exercise that calls for no effort is valueless, save in a negative way, even when it is not positively harmful. QIt is thus the work is made absorbing; you become so wrapped up in it that, dominated by this tireless director of your thoughts as well as of your acts, you find yourself sooner or later dreading his disapproval and delighted by his praise. A faithful picture of the work that he is doing would inspire not only the admiration for his physical powers that has been felt by all who have ever seen him at work, but also a very lively and complete respect for Muldoon as a man. Few men look back upon close association with him without feeling grateful for the opportunity to learn something of his character, and for the privilege of working with him in a common cause. You will think him very rough with you at first. It is by creating pains in each one that he will draw attention to your neglected and unfamiliar muscles. He will gavly throw heavy balls with you until you ache in every joint. He will take you far afield on horseback rides, to bring you back wondering when again for comfort or from choice you will sit down. He will not let you drink water when you are most thirsty, and forbids many other indulgences that, though pleasant, are unwise. And he will perhaps call out harshly to you when your spirit makes bold to yield to the protests of weak flesh. But the stiffness and the soreness and the sorrow will soon wear off, and long before he discharges you cured, giving you parting counsel on how to keep what he has placed in your hands, you will know him for a wise and just taskmaster, and a kindly one withal. As such you take your farewell of him, convinced that at the end his name will stand high on the list of those who have been benefactors of their kind.

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Doing Your Work Bravely

"Be strong, and quit yourselves like men."-I. Samuel, iv., 9.

F a man engages in any sort of undertaking with the feeling that he is not equal to the task he is pretty sure to fail in it.

It is a curious psychological fact that whatever depresses the mind decreases both physical and moral strength. If a man were

three-quarters body and one-quarter mind this would not be true, but since neither hand nor foot can make any motion of itself—for it is the mind or will alone that can do this—it becomes clear that if you wish to make your friend healthy and efficient you must begin by clearing the cobwebs from his brain. If you get so far as to convince him that he is worth something, that he has a furnace fire within which, if properly fed, will generate steam enough to carry him through any emergency, you have done him a supreme service.

No one knows this better than the physician, for doctors practiced mind cure long before the modern theory was dreamed of. They know that, while drugs may be necessary to give the physical system a hint as to what it ought to do, it is much more important to persuade the patient that he is stronger than his disease and can conquer it. A doctor who discourages the sick man lacks the genius of his calling, and is a medical heretic who ought to be excommunicated.

-GEORGE H. HEPWORTH

A Bequest from Pugilism

By Prof. E. H. Johnson, D. D., a graduate from Muldoon's. Published in "The Independent," November 4th, 1897.

> HE problem is how to tell something in the general interest without doing good to anybody in particular. It would be easy enough in preaching; but one must not preach. Still I think it can be done. Little we care for pugilism any more since

the man from Australia knocked out the man from California. Forty years ago patriotic Americans gloried in the big fists of Tom Hyer; and after a while citizens of New York sent John Morrissey to Congress. But with "Gentleman Jim's" loss of the champion's belt the general public is content to forget how a lot of college boys telegraphed him their best wishes, and may be the readers of this religious weekly are a bit ashamed to recall how interested they were to hear about the great man's last fight; when a brilliant ex-Senator, yea. former President of the United States Senate, was at hand to report the "iridescent dream," and modern photography undertook to spread its details before all the world. Prize-fighting is dead now for the general public, and will perhaps stay buried a good while. Meantime it has left us a legacy; and the question is how to notify the heirs without making it an advertising profit of anybody in particular.

Pugilism has left us its wonderful system of training. How often when we read how bruisers were fitted to bear their terrific encounters, we wondered why the same training would not be good for quiet citizens. And so it is. The singular point is that the training of the pugilist was mostly in light gymnastics; that is, each act was easy, and became fatiguing only by keeping it up. Just think of it; merely tossing air-balls, punching suspended air-bags, taking brisk walks, or, for the non-pugilist, horseback exercise in place of boxing. Such exercises, duly prolonged, throw one into a fine sweat, purging the body of its effete stuffs as nothing else could. Oh, that some expert trainer of pugilists could find it in his heart to do the good to his generation which he might by setting up an establish-

ment for the physical training of quiet folks!

He would need to be a rare mixture of acuteness, kindheartedness and grim determination to put through such a scheme with "non-professionals." I dare say he would have to be a little peremptory, military and wise, in training his awkward squad; but afterward it would not answer for him to be disagreeably and discouragingly contemptuous when he meets his clients on other terms. And this could really be hoped for. Why, I have heard that those great athletes, before whom common men are but as pigmies, are gentle in their ways and treat the ordinary run of men as daintily, in their benignant scorn, as gentlemen treat ladies. Yes, our ex-trainer, if he can be found, must go softly all his days, if he would not risk having his pupils think altogether too small potatoes of themselves. And how quick an eye he will need in order to distinguish between weakness and malingering; for beyond doubt some who go to him for exercise will exercise chiefly their wits in evading work. A rare fellow altogether he will require to be, if he is going to carry himself with modest dignity, gentleness and force enough among the

half-invalided people who will resort to him.

He will need, too, to set up his establishment where there are pleasant roads to ride and tramp over, where bits of scenery beguile the toilsome way, and sweet airs blow out of clean skies. Ah, where is such a place, and such a man? Dear reader, I have found the man and his country-seat; but who he is and where he is, that would be telling. Oh, my patron, preserver and friend, I don't want to blazon your name in the advertising columns; I only want to put the readers of "The Independent" to finding you out for themselves. Yes, dear reader, if you would like to get yourself set up according to your measure and need, what is to hinder you from writing to all the present or retired bruisers you can hear of, and asking them to tell you in heaven's name whether there is not some one between the two oceans who used to manufacture promising wrestlers and fistic artists, and who now, in the largeness of his pity for his generation, has set his heart on teaching, as many of us as will learn, how to sweat ourselves into purity, exercise ourselves into vigor, and live wholesomely at home. I am pretty sure that the present, and especially the retired champions, some Sullivan, Corbett or Fitzsimmons, would find something out of the common in your letters; and, if they cannot tell you of such an

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establishment and such a man, they may be willing to beguile an idle hour by taking you in hand themselves. Then you would have to size up the brains of your pugilist while he sized up your poor brawn. Probably you would do best to find out the right man and the right place. It is evident that I must not tell you.



SELF-DENIAL

"None of us liveth to himself."-Romans, xiv., 7.

DO not regard self-denial as a religious exercise so much as a natural characteristic. It is the law of existence—a law to which every man hourly submits, whether he knows it or not; a law to which every man gladly submits, if he gives it a moment's

thought. Chink of our mutual dependence. There is absolutely nothing that you can do alone. If you were the only man living there would soon be no man living. Even a horse, apart from companionship with his kind, will grow lonely, then weary, then pine away and go to his grave. We must live with others, and they for us if we are to live at all.

But self-denial has also to do with religion. Every man living is your brother, since all men living have one common Father. Let this idea take possession of you, and you will have a new and nobler conception of your life, its duties, its responsibilities.

If rising to a higher plane be the purpose in view, the

lower nature must always be denied. Of all sorts of earthly good the price is self-denial, and the apostle but expressed a truism of nature when he declared, "As dying, and behold we live." The lower must be sacrificed for the greater, and the coarser give place to the finer, if there is to be any such thing as development or progress. Every step of the way to success is by sacrifice. We gain by losing, we grow by dwindling, we live by dying. We have by giving. We gratify self by denying self. It is the law of life, natural, moral or spiritual life.

That which especially marks a superior grade of man, which constitutes nobility, philanthropy, greatness of character, is self-sacrifice, disregard of personal gratification, personal indulgence, personal advantage, remote or present, because some other line of conduct is more right. Self-denial is first discrimination to see what is the highest good, wherein lies the supreme duty, then a calm, deliberate, invincible attachment to this

conduct, whatever betide.

This belongs only to loftiest characters & Weak men cannot know its blessings. The best kinds of it must come from religious conviction, as the best example of ethics must arise from the profoundest faith in God. The best men we know have been made such by the practice of this virtue of self-denial. The sturdiest stock is most blown about, and has most to resist. The more you trample upon a palm, the loftier it lifts its head, and the palm is the symbol of victory. In the race for honor, to have is a handicap, to want is a stimulus.

Our greatest men have acquired both name and fame, place and power, chiefly because, beginning life poor, they have early learned the lesson of self-denial.

Poverty is often one of the greatest blessings a man can have in beginning his career. It hinders self-indulgence. I have seen so many rich young men enter life to the dancing jingle of gold, and go through life playing an insignificant role, amounting to nothing, fettered by fashion, circumscribed by conventional usages of society, with ambition for nothing but shine, keeping far from danger and farther from honor, hands tied, ambition crushed, sympathies narrowed—that I have almost come to consider opulence for a baby a curse. The easiest thing in the world is never the best thing. The greatest thing in the world is charity, and charity looks not on the things of self, but regards the concerns of others. Charity teaches the duty of self-denial.

Make up your mind voluntarily to do without some things. If you are poor, accept your enforced abstinence cheerfully. If you are rich, institute enforced abstinence. Always keep this side of having all you want. If you do not occasionally say "no" to yourself you will not long be your own master. Hate a life of ease. Love work. Covet opportunity for self-denial. Court sacrifice & Cheerfully labor for others. Do not be looking out for self all the while. Make your presence in your home a blessing. Have the little ones there love you, not dread your coming. Be a comfort to your parents and an example to your children. You never can do as much for your parents as they have done for you. You can

never give them what they have given you. GEven in trade or the pursuit of your profession, establish a reputation not only for fair, but for generous dealing. Avoid meanness. It is not necessary to imitate the pig at a trough in order to be a commercial success. Be alert. be resolute, be even dogged in your powers of perseverance, be strenuous in effort, unvielding in principles. sharp, if you please, in striking a bargain, but with all these be willing to think of others' thoughts, care for others' cares, "put yourself in their place," and deny yourself that they may live and be happy as well as you. It isn't worth while to become rich if in doing it you lose the love and respect of your neighbors. I would rather die a pauper with friends and honor than be a pampered, selfish, worldly Dives, despised by my servants and dishonored in the community. One cannot have the love and respect of his fellows who never denies himself. To be something and somebody one must not only work, but work somewhat for others.

The thoughts of self-denial and unselfishness run parallel. What we have hitherto said of the one will answer very well for the other & Men of the noblest dispositions consider themselves the happiest when others share their happiness with them. Self-denial is the noblest act of a gentleman. It comes not from high birth but good breeding. A poor man is very likely to exercise it; a common man, rich or poor, is not likely to. All happy men must. He who never practices this virtue dies unblest.

Self-denial is superior to generosity, for it is not only

giving of what we have, but it is doing without something one's self to let others have. It is generosity up to the pinch point. It is real charity. Bunyan tells of "a man there was, men called him mad. The more he gave the more he had." And I have read somewhere of an old epitaph that seems to me to express the whole thing in a nutshell, so to speak. It reads thus: "What I gave I have: what I spent I had: what I kept I lost." Unless you really deny yourself something in order to give, never dare take credit for your generosity. For bodily health, for mental training, for spiritual development, self-denial is a good thing. Encourage it. practice it. Expand your hearts. Learn to love your own brethren. Look beyond your own estate. Not only live, but give. Let your light shine. Be not dark lanterns, but lighthouses. The dead sea is dead because it never gives anything. The brooks live because they supply the rivers, while they themselves never grow less. If



you would really live, give.

TO THE DOWNHEARTED

"And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Galatians, vi., 9.

HE dying injunction of Captain Lawrence on one of the stormiest days in our national life was "Don't give up the ship!" That cry has been ringing in our ears for a couple of generations, and when the emergency is on us and our energies taxed to their utmost,

those words make our hearts beat with renewed vigor. QDuring our civil war—now almost ancient history—I was with a regiment of worn out men on a certain occasion. They had traveled fast and far and were ready to drop by the roadside through sheer exhaustion. The life had apparently gone out of them. They were hungry, they had been without sleep, they had faced a pelting shower and were drenched and discouraged. Suddenly the band struck up, playing a patriotic air, and then I realized as never before that there is in human nature a reserve power which is without limit & Eyes grew bright, strength returned, good cheer prevailed, and the remainder of the day's stint was accomplished without further fatigue.

The soul is so much stronger than the body. The body dominant, nothing is well done. The soul dominant, everything is done easily. The body as the servant of the soul will shirk its duty and magnify difficulties and turn the whole man into a coward. The soul as master of the body, if inspired with a noble idea, will convert

a man into a hero. QIf, therefore, I can win the attention of the mind or soul-that mysterious something which is the proprietor of the body and lives in it as one lives in the house that he owns and can do as he pleases with -and if I can persuade you that your life is a grand and noble thing, to be used grandly and nobly, I shall thereby give you an impulse which will brush obstacles aside like chaff and achieve victories worthy of immortality. QDon't give up the ship! You may be walking along a thorny path, and if you were a mere animal you would lie down and die rather than meet its difficulties. But you are more than an animal. There is eternal fire in your veins. You can conquer discouragements, for there is nothing in life that can overcome your soul. When you are in the depths and your eyes are brimmed with tears you shall hear the overture of the angels and gather strength as you listen.

Don't give up the ship! You may declare that you have been placed in the wrong environment; you may feel in your heart the heat of a blazing ambition which your outward circumstances have suppressed; you may be so shut in by domestic inharmony, by the lack of sympathy, that your life is circumscribed within the narrowest limits and you despair of doing anything worthy of even your own approval. If, however, you are conscious that you have ability of any kind, though it be ability which you have no opportunity to use as you would like to use it, that fact should give you a secret satisfaction. If you have any power, any genius whatever, apply it to the smallest duties that lie in

front of you. An archangel fettered would still be an archangel. If he knows what he is, and God knows what he is, and God sees that he is doing a peasant's work with an archangel's hand and brain, it matters very little, after all, whether the world smiles in admiration or frowns in indifference. If you are all right toward heaven you can afford to be unnoticed on earth. The time will come when you shall be known to be what you are, and that will be a sweet by and by for your soul. ¶Don't give up the ship! Life has its hardships; one meets them at every turn, but put your whole heart into your work, and at sundown you shall be glad and content. The Father has a long memory, and in some future day you will find that He has not forgotten you or your humble duties nobly done.

There are dark hours for all of us. Rich and poor alike, literate and illiterate the so-called high and low, have at times an armful of sorrows. No one is exempt from the general fate, though it sometimes seems though they were favorites of fortune. The rule, however, is inexorable in its application. Trials are manifold, but

a strong heart need not succumb.

Walk with dignity the path marked out. Clean of heart and hand with a soul above reproach, take your life as an imprisoned archangel would take it, and make a ladder of it, down which the dear ones may come to bring you messages of love and peace.

It seems to me that that is the new Gospel, or rather the new and true interpretation of the old Gospel. That is what Jesus did, and in a far off way we can follow His example. **Q**Whatever your circumstances, God lives and is with you.

You cannot be disheartened as long as your faith in Him abides.

The strong man is not the world's man, but God's man. GTo-day is short, but to-morrow will be long, and it is better to so live that your regrets will be short and your joy long than that your pleasures shall be short and your regrets long.

Don't give up the ship! -GEORGE H. HEPWORTH



AT MULDOON FARM

(Written especially for *The Press* by a Philadelphian who has taken the course at Muldoon's.)

IFE at Muldoon's Farm! QWhat a wealth of memories, some pleasant and some painful, it brings to the mind of any one who has been through the mill.

The accounts of Secretary Root's stay there sound delightful to the uninitiated; but have been there know that the "Professor" as

all who have been there know that the "Professor," as Muldoon is always called, is no respecter of persons; and any let up in the required work is instantly noted and followed by an avalanche of caustic comment.

The farm, comprising twenty acres, is situated on a crest of hills in Westchester County, about five miles from White Plains, and very little further from the towns of Portchester and Ryes. On an adjoining hill, not more than a mile away, is Ophir Farm, the mag-

nificent country home of Whitelaw Reid; while the handsome residences of Trenor Park, Charles Dillingham, Marion Story, and other well-known New Yorkers dot the surrounding country.

The house is a rambling two-story frame structure, containing accommodations for twenty-four guests, with a spacious gymnasium, dressing room and shower bath room on the ground floor; and it is there that the

strenuous work of the day begins.

The stables, with accommodations for twenty-five horses, beside an innumerable variety of carriages, lie a few hundred yards from the house, while adjoining the house, but separated from it, is a small frame building for the accommodation of the smokers. Tobacco finds no favor in Muldoon's sight, although he allows one cigar to be smoked in this house after supper; but alcoholic beverages are, of course, forbidden.

There is no stated hour for beginning work in the morning, but shortly after six o'clock the professor stalks through the house, knocking on each door as he passes by. The guests are required to follow him instantly down to the dressing-room, where gymnasium

suits are donned and the day's work begins.

Of all training devices, Muldoon sets most store by the medicine ball, and three-quarters of an hour is spent

in passing the ball from hand to hand.

This is followed by a brisk period of setting-up exercises, such as are used in the army, and then comes a jog around the gymnasium floor, until everybody is dripping with perspiration and ready for the cold shower and

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rub down. Then riding clothes are put on, and all troop off to the dining-room for breakfast.

After breakfast, each man is assigned a horse for the day's ride, and is required to superintend the saddling and bridling of the animal. Muldoon is an old cavalryman himself, and the ride is conducted as if the party was a cavalry squad and is always preceded by a short drill in the paddock. If the weather is very cold, the men dismount frequently and run beside their horses, while they always dismount and walk up the hills, the professor riding behind to spur on the laggards with a few well-chosen remarks.

After three hours of this work, the squad returns for another cold shower-bath and self-administered rub-down, and then are ready for dinner.

The course of training in the afternoons varies very much with the individual cases. Those who are over weight put on heavy clothes, leggins and sweaters, and are taken out for a brisk jog of two or three miles, while those who are building up their systems are given a long, easy stroll around the countryside.

Supper is served at six o'clock, and then the tobacco lovers have a half-hour of blissful comfort; but all hands are required to be in bed by nine o'clock, and not one ever has been found who did not welcome the coming of bedtime.

The table is excellent, but everyone is required to eat what is put before him without regard to personal likes or dislikes; and this rule is only one of many tending toward the same result, namely, obedience. Perfect obedience is the keynote of Muldoon's training system, and his ability to insure that obedience from others is the reason for his great success as a trainer. QHe has spent his life in studying the subject of physical condition. His unerring judgment tells him at once how much physical work a man can stand; and he further insists that every man shall accept his judgment without question &

Muldoon insists that there are two limits to a man's endurance—the physical and mental limit. Long after a man thinks that his strength and endurance have given out, Muldoon will keep him working on and the best proof of his theory is that he never has been required to summon medical assistance for any one under his treatment.

Money is of no object to Muldoon compared to the routine of his establishment, and he will not tolerate the slightest deviation from the rules he has laid down. QAlthough over sixty years of age, he is as lithe and active as a boy, and none of his pupils can even make it interesting for him in passing the medicine ball. In fact, the only visitor who does give him a tussle in this work is Kid McCoy, who still keeps in condition by visiting his old trainer occasionally.

The theories of Swoboda and other professional strong men receive no support from the great wrestler, for he claims that great muscular development is a hindrance, rather than a help, in any form of athletics, and his own appearance bears out the truth of his contention. Standing a little over six feet in height, and weighing two hundred and five pounds, he is the embodiment of physical power and grace, but one looks in vain for the bulging muscles that are falsely supposed to be

characteristic of the great athlete.

Endurance, physical as well as mental, is the result of his system of training, and he contends that any system that trains the body and neglects the mind is false to the first principles of physical culture. It was to insure mental activity, as well as physical, that he invented the medicine ball, and he first used it while training John L. Sullivan for his memorable battle with Jake Kilrain &

The secret of success in athletics, as well as in life, according to Muldoon, is the ability to see, to think, and to act at practically one and the same time; and all his training "stunts" are calculated to develop that

faculty in those under his direction.

Any one might establish a similar training-farm, with all the paraphernalia, without achieving his wonderful success; for, after all is said, the wonderful results achieved there are due very largely to his personal force and to his power of compelling obedience from others. QSix weeks is the course of training prescribed, but one month of that life will send a man back home on edge mentally, as well as physically.

One very curious feature of the work is that while all are undergoing the same routine, some are putting on six or eight pounds a week, while others are taking off a

corresponding amount.

Daily newspapers are allowed; but apart from that,

reading is discouraged; and letter-writing is frowned upon, as are all other indoor occupations.

Every Sunday morning, every one has to step on the scales, while the professor carefully notes the results of the week's work and plans the routine for the following week & The most anxious moment comes when he steps on the scales himself; for he watches his own condition very carefully, and a pound or two overweight means a blue Monday for all hands.

But hard as the work is at first, every one who has been through it longs to go back again, for there is no greater satisfaction on earth than the feeling that mind and body are working in perfect accord.

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What Muldoon Training Means

T'S a pity publicity has come to Professor Muldoon so late in his life, for it will do him little good now, although, at that, he may live to a ripe old age," said a well-known Pittsburgher to a party of friends a few days ago, after he had read the daily

program of Secretary Root of the department of state, who is now in training at the Muldoon gymnasium at White Plains, N. Y. The Pittsburgher titled Muldoon "professor," after a habit he formed during eight weeks he spent in training a couple of years ago.

When I was there we used to have to get up on a jump when we heard the rap at the door at six o'clock, and we soon had lots of fun racing down to the training room to see who could be first. Then for forty minutes we would throw the 'medicine' balls before breakfast. I found something out my first morning there. I had prided myself on being a good ball player when I was a youngster, and the ball-throwing at Muldoon's looked like child play. I went into it hearty enough, but at the end of five minutes I told the professor I could not throw another time. He saw I had enough, and allowed me to stop for that morning. When the running came I took on the baseball running spirit of my former days, but when about ten feet from the end down I sprawled. Q"'You're not as young as you used to be,' was all the sympathy I got from Muldoon.

"He is a stickler for system. His rigid form was everything, and if anyone didn't want to obey it he was quickly told to go pack his trunk and get out. He had to have obedience. 'If you don't want to do this, go pack your clothes and get out of here. You can do as you please at home, and don't have to pay me fifty dollars a week to do it, either,' was his word, which was law. He has since raised the fee to sixty dollars I have read, but it was fifty dollars a week, and pay about sixty dollars for a Muldoon clothing outfit to train in, when I was there a few years ago. All his rules had to be obeyed to the letter. There were many very little things. One was that one of the two bath towels was to be folded exactly in the center to stand on, the other towel being used for drying. One morning a young man, I think he was from New York, came in for the first time, and didn't pay attention to folding the towel correctly. He had his attention called to it, and had to

fold it right before he went on.

"One of the rules was that a fellow had to stand to put on his stockings. One of the men sat down to do it one day, 'Stand up,' came the order from Muldoon, No attention. 'You stand up, I say,' continued the professor. 'Say you: I say,' continued the professor. 'Say, you pull that sock on in a hurry, pack your trunk and leave.' That was what the fellow did. Some of his friends intervened, but Muldoon would have nothing to do with him. It was for little things like this, which were all a part of his system, that he was 'cussed' behind his back and under one's breath. And he could see in a twinkling whether a man was taking to his training. If he saw a fellow was raging mad, then is when he would light into that fellow to bring him to time.

"If one didn't like what was furnished to eat, there was but one thing to do; leave the table. 'If you don't want to eat, don't sit here at the table,' was Muldoon's order. One day I did not want soup; it was sort o' nauseating to me. 'Why don't you eat?' asked Muldoon. 'I don't like the soup,' I informed him. 'Then, get away from the table,' came his order, and I went out and sat on the porch. The food was excellent and cooked to the very best form. If you liked it, well and good; if you didn't you got out; but you didn't ask for a second helping, for you couldn't have it. The same amount was given to fat and slim, making the fat man slender and the thin man fat, while the man with a worn-out

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digestion had a new one developed in its place if he

stayed long enough.

"A cigar a day was the limit then. When I went there I took a box of small cigars. One of these a day was not enough for me, so I remembered a box of Carolina perfectos at home and sent for them. I was enjoying the first one after they came when Muldoon happened to walk along. He stopped, looked at the cigar a moment, then said: 'You are not to smoke after this evening until I give you permission.' I did not smoke, either. Q"Medicine was not allowed. 'If you're under the doctor's care, don't give me your money.' was Muldoon's word. After dinner the first evening I was there. I asked one of the waiters for a glass. 'What for?' he asked. 'I want to take some medicine,' I replied. 'You can't have the glass; professor don't allow anybody to take medicine here,' the fellow informed me. A few minutes later Muldoon asked, 'got any medicine in your trunk?' 'Yes, some my physician gave me,' I told him. 'Well, throw it away; we don't use that kind of medicine here.' I know of several instances of his confiscating medicine from trunks when the owners refused to quit taking it.

"Sunday runs of ten miles were features then & I remember one Sunday after I had sprained my knee, but did not let him know it, that one of the men and myself watched our chance and escaped from the sixteen others, headed by the professor on a horse. By the way, Muldoon was an old cavalryman, and thus a good horseman. He limited his patients to twenty men. This

other man and myself had a good rest, and were about to start back to the house, when down the road we saw Muldoon coming at a gallop, 'What's the matter with you. Smith?' he asked me. 'Got a sprained knee yesterday, professor, and can't go another step,' I informed him. 'And what's the matter with you?' he asked the other man. 'My feet are so sore I can't go a step further,' Muldoon was informed. 'Well, the others are resting three-quarters of a mile up the road Smith, you start out and run every step of the way there. You follow Smith, he ordered myself and companion in misery. And we did run every step, with Muldoon back of us trotting his horse. If either of us had stopped he would have ridden right on us. When we reached the others, Muldoon, without waiting, gave the order, 'Right face, forward!' And there we had to climb a hill several rods long and at an angle of about sixty degrees. When I got to the top of that hill I didn't feel a pain in my knee. I haven't felt any since.

"That was Muldoon. If you thought you had come to his place to have a good time and do as you please, you were mistaken. If you thought you would be recognized for something worth while and somebody in particular, as you might be in your public or business experience, you were mistaken again. It is said Senator Depew went there to take training, and that the first evening he was there he was doing something that was n't according to the Muldoon rule. 'Stop that!' came from the professor. Depew paid no attention. 'Hey, you; stop that, I say!' with still no attention from the venerable senator.

When Depew found that Muldoon had been speaking to him, he asked, 'is that the way you address gentlemen?' It was. I remember a southerner, a worthy citizen of Richmond, who thought the same as Depew about addressing gentlemen, and who, like most of us, used to 'cuss' Muldoon to a finish. After a fellow got used to a thing, however, it became easier to understand. Q"Muldoon simply curbed a man's will and gave him such physical training as built up his system to normal condition. He made me into a new man, and has done the same for practically every other man who has trained under him. If some of the splendid American public, professional, business and industrial men who have died had been under Professor Muldoon's treatment awhile. I believe candidly many of them would still be living. He has done a good work. I hope it may long continue." -Pittsburg "Gazette Times."

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Exercise and Discipline Cures

FTEN experience is a better teacher than the best of inductive science. Many forms of "cure," successful in diverse maladies, would seem, at first sight, too onerous or perilous for a specific case. However, bold, confident empirics often arise, showing us of the "learned profession," that our cautions lead sometimes to error, that timidity may prevent good

results. An extreme type of an excellent procedure,

accomplishing vastly more than the medical mind would ordinarily pronounce possible, is the method for years employed by Mr. William Muldoon (White Plains, New York), of "putting men into condition," This is especially interesting and suggestive to me, confirming many beliefs long held. His methods are capable of modification and improvement for application to delicate folk by the physician. The course of treatment consists of alternations of free exercise and rest, under his direct supervision; regulation of diet, bathing, and above all, enforcement of absolute, implicit obedience, a rigid routine, almost a military system. All this makes for moral and physical regeneration. The time occupied is seldom more than three to six weeks & Those who undergo this course are, as a rule, men originally fairly robust, yet out of repair, due to a wide variety of derangements, the common basis being neglect of the fundamental principles of personal hygiene. These men are mainly exhausted by mental work, devotion to business, professional work, and especially by overindulgences in what are catalogued as "the pleasures of life."

Mr. Muldoon is to-day, at sixty-three years of age, the epitome and prototype of the vigorous man, capable of, and exhibiting daily, the most strenuous action; sustaining large responsibilities, maintaining absolute control of himself and other men, themselves among the most successful and dominant in all departments. He began life as a professional wrestler, achieving the highest position, an unbeaten champion, and holding this far

beyond the usual age. My recollections of him are vivid and inspiring. He was, and is, the perfection of conformation and action, splendid, impressive, dignified, of limitless courage, resource, judgment, swiftness of decision, motor accuracy and self-control.

Happily for many of mankind, he turned his energies in early middle life to teaching others, training champion athletes and, later, curing of their ailments those in physical or mental decrepitude by means of unique

measures, and with amazing success.

He has equipped a country place, well and wholesomely situated, with a large gymnasium or exercise hall, shower baths, etc., but no mechanical apparatus. Here he takes his pupils and puts them through judiciously adapted activities. The day begins before eating, with the play of "medicine ball," a large sphere the size of a water-melon, weighing from three pounds upward & This is tossed from one to another, caught and thrown back, upon a system modified for different capacities and gradations of vigor.

This is followed by a cool shower bath, seventy to eighty degrees Fahrenheit, regulated as to time, distribution of impact, method of soaping and subsequent hand rubbing. Later in the day, all ride horses for an hour or more, usually at a walk or gentle trot, increased to a thorough jolting, alternated by a walk on foot. The water which is drunk after all hard work is hot, never cold. The day begins early, activities are followed by rest in the open air, carefully selected meals, followed by rest; a minimum of tobacco, no alcohol; billiards

are encouraged; no naps, but early to bed. (It might appear that this course would overtax many who are unused even to the most moderate exercise; who are so entirely "out of condition" as to exhibit feeble heart muscles, organic fatty infiltrations, general flaccidities. Dangers there are from concealed arteriosclerosis, kidney defects, visceral ptoses, relaxed omenta, impaired vasotonus, etc. & Nevertheless, while these may seem imminent, yet I have never heard of any positive damage resulting. All those whom I have questioned who have taken this course, and they are many, are enthusiastic as to the beneficent results. Some were often greatly vexed at the severity of the treatment, physical and psychical, the stern absolutism, the bullying, etc., nevertheless, no one could fail to admire the consistency, the reasonableness, the wholesomeness of such a period of return to a fundamental plane of intelligent animalism. Intelligence needs curbing and guiding when it gets off the track; it becomes too transcendental: equally does animalism need to be clubbed into shape if the man is dominated by his lower centres & The methods useful for each have many points of contact. The chief purpose of recommending exercise for exhausted men is not in accord with popular notions. Much of the satirical objection urged against "active exercises," "physical culture," "monkey stunts," is perfectly sound, although too often overstated & The exceeding great value of judiciously regulated exercises is beyond question; it is applicable to all and will be carefully formulated later. Many assert that if exercise 43

is needed at all it can be taken profitably in the course of one's daily duties. It is claimed by many women that they could get all they need by sharing in household labors; that men could secure enough while walking or in the pursuit of business and the like. This is true. but only in part. Motion is always of value, aiding expression, translating thought into manifestations of external force; also in maintaining habits of symmetrical action and reaction & If this were done adequately, accurately, consistently, all might be well. But how much of this is consistently done by most of us? For instance, a man assures us that he wearies himself overmuch in the day by standing long, moving about in his business; or a woman derides the idea of more exercise when she exhausts herself continuously in domestic duties. It is true they are better for this movement than if they remained entirely sedentary, but the usual claim is that all this merely induces weariness; they would welcome emancipations rather than undertake more. Certain facts will become apparent on scrutiny. Exercise thus obtained is really a labor, a monotony. Lax motor habits are thus formed, born of the necessity to put forth the least effort to accomplish compulsory results & Accuracy is only achieved by economizing force. The motions involved in manual labor are restricted, overtiring, failing to bring into play accessory parts, such as the supporting structures, which are held overlong in tension, involving undue pressure on feet or back, often followed by minor painfulness.

The real object of exercise is to achieve uniform, accu-

rate adjustments, capacity of full stretchings, elasticizing of parts ordinarily not employed; always striving to secure sympathetic responses of the centres of intelligence, especially motor centres. When this facility is lost, or out of repair, a large array of minor disorders inevitably arise which tend to grow worse. In consequence of this a most serious fault results, loss of uniform interreaction between governing centres and the outlying parts, inducing fatigue rather than repair. Fatigue is a pathological condition, which, if continued, tends to impair vitality, causing, also, local damage.

INALLY, let me preach a small sermon. I shall borrow thoughts,-we all do. But now take an excellent text, the very words of which are filled with significance for the world-weary man: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength" (Isaiah). You observe, strength is promised those who "wait." Milton, quoting unconsciously half remembered thoughts credited by scholars to old philosophies dimly sketched far up the aisles of time, said: "They also serve who only stand and wait." Tennyson sang: "Time, the great healer, unto thee I lift my hands, my heart, my head." All the practical recommendations suggested in the foregoing pages are merely devices to seize and make one's own the real curative agency, time, rest, cellular readjustment. The serene point of view is obtainable only by holding the spirit in equipoise; by letting slip the shackles of hurry, by anchoring fast to the one greatest thing, "peace." One may diligently

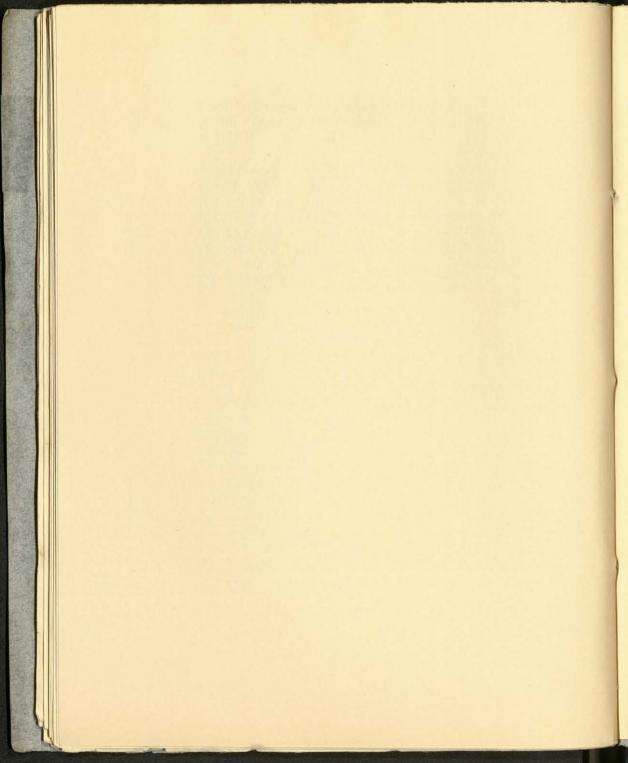
pursue each and every measure, rational, suitable, eminently indicated though they be, to recover the dissociation created in him, but, unless through and by it all he achieves a central spirit vision, equanimitas, they will leave but a fleeting impress on the soul. Each man. I take it, will admit that his sincere desire is to acquire full control over his powers, so that they may be economically expanded for pleasure or profit. Forces work efficiently only when unhurried & Power and dominion can only be put forth to accomplishment from the habitual standpoint of deliberation. Accuracy is conditional upon following the rule of motor efficiency laid down by me so often in teaching muscular coordination, viz., begin each act from the standpoint of complete relaxation, carry it onward by steady increments of force to the point of fullest tension. It is a parabolic curve. Thus, and thus only, does the fencer strike precisely where and when he decides to hit. By the various means outlined one may secure the habit of accurate deliberation. Unless this attitude of mind is gained, or regained, all effort is a failure & The blessed woods, the glories of the open, the breadth—the immensity of the sea, all should teach the lesson of suppressed, concentrated power. Speech is desirable. perhaps necessary, but communion with our higher selves is better.

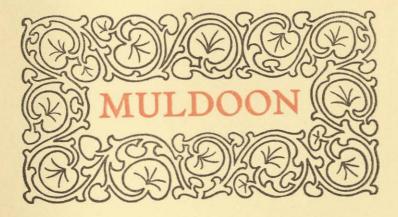
Talk, conversation, invites diffusion, leads to uncertainties. Action is always marred by overmuch refinement in choice. Growth of intellect, of character, of worldly accomplishment comes not from crying aloud, "how

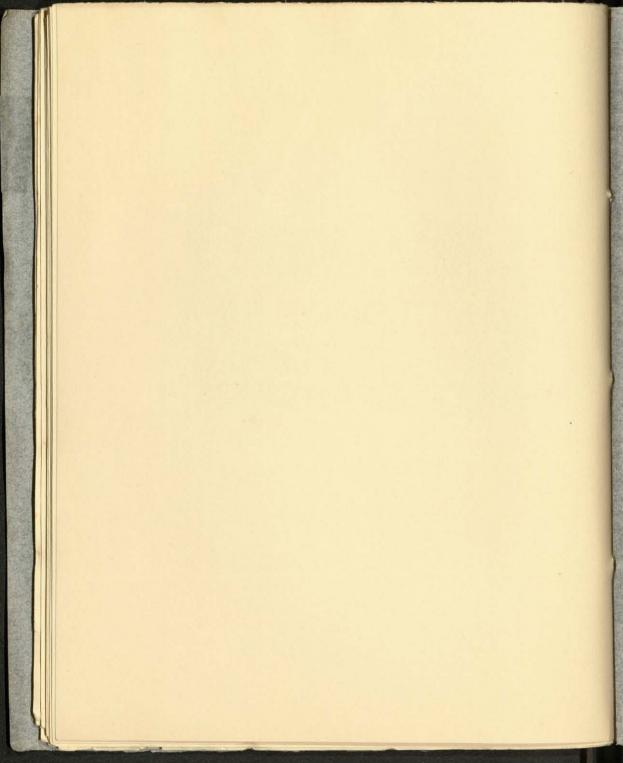
shall I do this or that?" Thought, leading to decisions, proceeds best from the closed chambers of the mind. Time is an essential factor,—be it much or little, it must be enough.

Strength comes from solitude, a waiting, a communion with the best in us, which is at one with the divine spark. With strength comes judgment, and above all, clarity. The body, when exhausted, must be provided with opportunities for renewals, but the lesson of life is best learned, the power is only achieved, by a knowledge of our own potentialities and limitations.

-John Madison Taylor, A. B., M. D. of Philadelphia, Pa.







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